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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF



ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



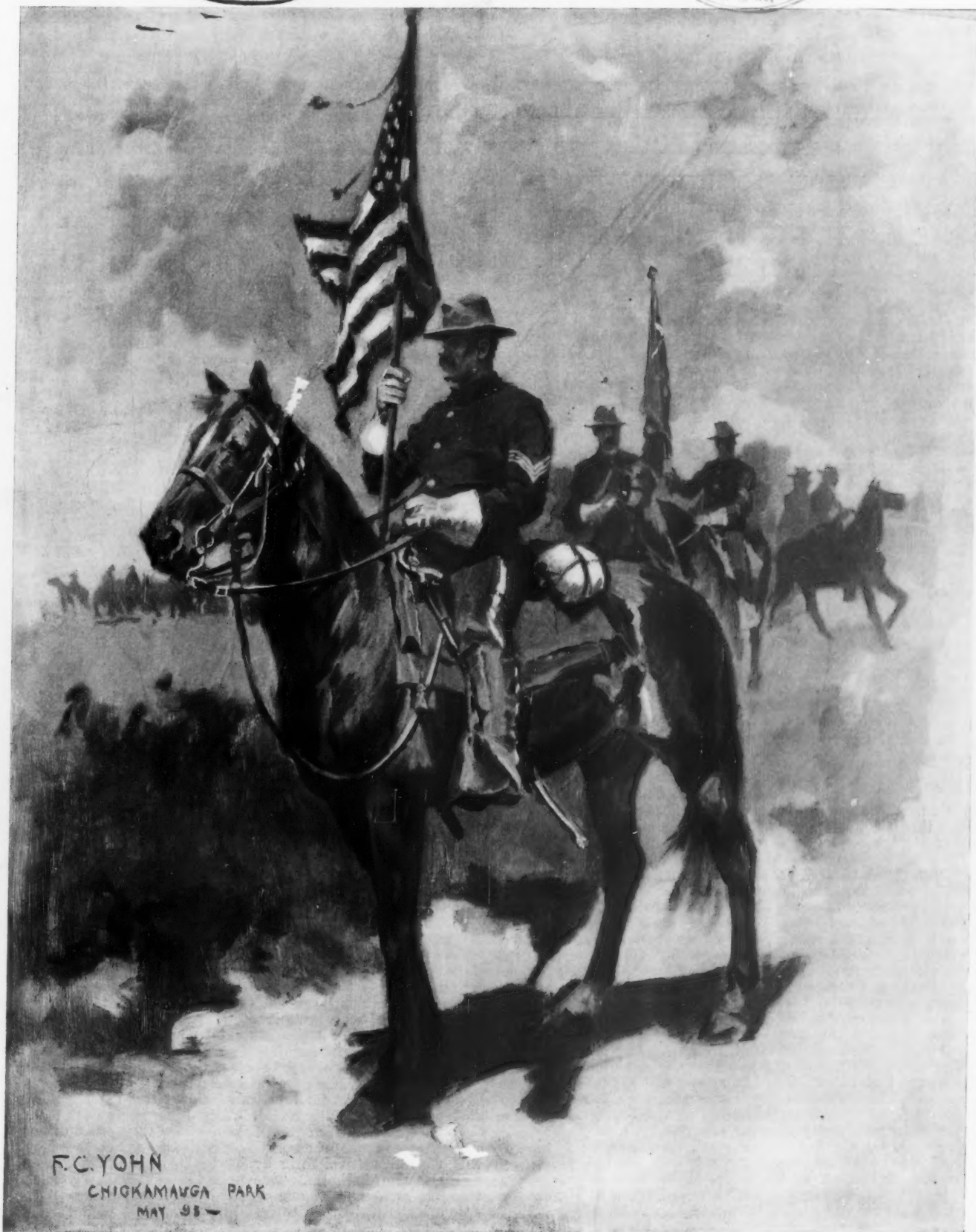
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THE STANDARD-BEARER

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

NEW YORK MAY TWENTY-FIRST 1898

W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.

THE readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY will mourn the loss of W. Louis Sonntag, Jr., who died in New York on the 11th inst. Mr. Sonntag's illustrative work has been so continuous, timely and able that his pencil and brush cannot but be greatly missed; like that of any other artist, it cannot be entirely replaced, however able and interesting may be what-ever is substituted for it.

Mr. Sonntag was possessed of an unusual quality of energy and industry, and the outbreak of the war against Spanish domination of Cuba roused him and stimulated his powers to their extreme limit. Although able in many departments of art, he liked best to make marine pictures. Every ship of the American navy interested and delighted him; and not only from the standpoint of the artist. He knew the construction and peculiarities of all of them, as well as the points in which they differed from vessels of other navies. Had he not given his life to art, he would have become prominent as a designer and inventor; indeed his favorite relaxation was the making of models of ships and machines, and of designing improvements of machinery.

Personally, Mr. Sonntag was a genial and companionable gentleman. His spirits were high and contagious, his manner hearty, and his life beyond reproach. Of slight figure and delicate physique, his vitality was not equal to the demands which his spirit, intensified by patriotic ardor, made upon him in the past few weeks. His art was his life; he had consecrated it entirely to the service of his country; and, with the spirit of the sailor-life he so dearly loved to depict, he endured bravely to the end; some of his last words showed his mind was still full of the work which was his duty and his joy.

NEW WORK FOR AMERICANS

FOR a modest people, as Americans really are, we are filling as large space as usual in the eyes of the world. Again and again it has seemed that soon we must drop into the staid ways of old-world nations—even of those who have no history that is not musty—but something has always happened to prevent; the most recent happening was the uprising against Spanish misgovernment and barbarity in Cuba.

The Cuban affair did not seem great from our point of view. Spain was ordered to leave; if the order was not obeyed, we would drive her from the island—as we shall, and make Cuba free. We had no intention of annexing the island or of organizing a government for it; we were simply a body of knights-errant, determined to crush a monster and free the oppressed, who were afterward to come into possession of their own, which they were to manage in their own way and without any interference from us.

But every one has heard of the shield of which the two sides were different; some things have even more sides than a shield; for instance, a square, or cube, has six. We, the American people, saw only Cuba—Cuba in distress. Within a few weeks we have been compelled to gaze at Porto Rico, where there was no revolution; at the Canary Islands; the Cape Verdes, which, although not Spanish, might as well have been, considering the aid and comfort they gave our enemy. We have had to look far down the South American coast, where a nation nominally our friend was harboring a torpedo boat that had designs on one of our battleships; we had to keep an eye on France, the flag of which is believed to have helped Spain at Havana by covering arms and ammunition sent by a French steamer.

But all of these are as nothing compared with the latest object of interest, which consists of the Philippines. Of course we were to annihilate the Spanish fleet in that far away and most valuable colony of Spain, otherwise the said fleet might attempt to harry our own Pacific coast, in which event it would send home imaginative stories, which Spaniards, most of whom are ignorant, would believe as a matter of course; and many other Europeans, who ought to know better, would believe as far as they could.

Dewey crushed the Spanish fleet; he could not have done otherwise, for he was entirely brave and otherwise competent, and there are no better guns and sailors than those of the American navy. He even took the Cavite, the shore stronghold of Spain's navy in the Philippines, and Manila is at his mercy; for if he cannot occupy it, and it attempts to annoy him, he can destroy it. But Manila is, politically, the Philippines; there are no other Spanish strongholds there. An army of uncertain size is sprinkled over the islands, but it has been menaced for two years by the natives, who hate Spain as she is hated by all other peoples whom she has ruled. So our position is not that of one war-power attacking another; it is that of the philanthropist who has suddenly liberated a body of slaves and other ill-used people.

Our position in the East greatly resembles that of Britain in Egypt a few years ago—with the important exception that Britain seems physically and morally incapable of letting go anything which she has grasped. Britain's intervention in Egypt, when Arabi and his associates seemed about to make a successful revolution, seemed necessary in the interest of order and humanity. But that was about a dozen years ago; Britain still remains, although she declared she did not mean to stay, and has frequently said she would go; stranger still, even her enemies admit that she ought to remain.

No one of consequence, either in Europe or America, imagined that we were to have the Philippines on our hands, but on our hands they certainly are at the present time, and they promise to remain there. Other powers may be willing to relieve us of the responsibility, but willingness does not always signify fitness. All Europe is agog over the situation, for land-grabbing is the principal purpose of wars undertaken by European powers; that a nation should go to war for any other purpose seems to be inconceivable by the European mind.

On the other hand, no Americans have expressed yearnings for Oriental possessions; even the annexation of Hawaii is urged principally on strategic grounds; for if the islands belonged to us, and were properly fortified, it would be almost impossible for any foreign power but Great Britain, with Canada as a base, to attack our Pacific coast. But, to use an oft-quoted saying, we are confronted by a condition—not a theory. Having destroyed the most effective branch of Spain's colonial government—a government that is strong only so far as it is armed with deadly weapons and plenty of them—we are under moral responsibility for life and property on the islands. What sort of government would be set up by the natives and the few Spaniards whom they refrain from killing is unknown; but people who have never been allowed to govern themselves, but have always been treated as captives, criminals, lunatics, or, at best, children, cannot be expected to comport themselves soberly and sensibly when charged with one of the highest of human duties.

Consequently the United States must set some sort of governmental machinery in operation in the Philippines. If General Merritt goes out as military governor he will do only what has been done by any and all other military governors whom the United States have placed elsewhere at certain times; that is, he will compel respect for life and property within his lines, and distinguish against no nationality, caste or creed. There are differing opinions as to the righteousness of our war with Mexico, but Mexicans who hate us cordially admit that our military government of captured cities was honest and effective, yet neither oppressive nor unkind to any one. Military rule, however, can be permitted by the American people only while war lasts; so what we should do for the future of the Philippines is puzzling the wisest heads at Washington. To retain possession of the Philippines would be to become, like Britain, Russia or France, an Asiatic power—a world-power, indeed, with the possible glory and wearing responsibility that the position assures; yet to give up the islands, on the demand and under the threats of the other world-powers, would be impossible. We might train the natives, for the lifetime of a generation, in the art of self-government, bringing some of the better class to the United States to study republican institutions at their best; but all China, Japan, and all the European powers in Asia, would unite to crush any attempt at self-government in the Far East, and might think it necessary to extend the crushing to ourselves.

The problem should have at least a sobering and inspiring effect upon Congress, for that body cannot afford to make itself the laughing-stock of the world. Many Congressmen are wiser than the speeches which they make to please their constituents; such speeches never get across the Atlantic; but were any equally wild vaporings called forth by the Philippines' situation they might do us great harm. The general subject calls for sober thought, great ability, and a long look ahead, all of which should be prefaced and inspired by a high sense of duty.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS

"GEM of the orient earth and open sea,
Manila, that in thy lap and on thy breast
Hath gathered beauties all the loveliest,
On which the sun smiles in his majesty:"

And so on. The quatrain with an unimportant emendation is from Bowring. It sounds fine and rings false. Manila used to be regarded as the most fortunately situated city in the world. Just why is a problem. Set beneath a torrid sky, remote from the routes of commerce, it has squatted, unheeding and practically unheeded, the capital of a stretch of unfortunate isles. Visitors have been infrequent. The earliest was Magellan. The most recurrent has been the typhoon. The most pertinacious has been the earthquake. In Dewey the three combined. Objects of interest are few. Among them is the mestiza. Superstitious as a ballad, languorous as a serenade, she floats, a human butterfly, along the scarlet lanes. Another feature is the climate. Fancy a pastille burning in a vapor bath. The atmosphere has the savor of cachous and the bite of red peppers. Costume, in consequence, is brief. The mantilla of the mestiza is her hair. Her raiment is silk, very bright, very loose. The male half-caste wears trousers and a shirt. The tails of the latter are not always tucked in. On high days he flaunts them. The effect is neat, not gaudy. So much for local fashion.

THE MANILA COCK-PIT

Manila's principal occupation is general devilishness. The chief diversion is the cock-fight. The pit is as big as a circus. Everything being relative, its size may best be judged by approximation. The Havanese Valla de Gallos holds fifteen hundred people. That of Manila holds four thousand. The contests succeed each other at the rate of a hundred per *fiesta*. Some last a whole second, some ten minutes. The rules are not intricate, but the birds are very smart. The smallest are the gamest. Occasionally they display a thrust, a feint and a tierce, which are quite *salle d'armes*. The matches are various. There is that which is known as *Al cotejo*, and which is in accordance with the length of the spur. There is *Al peso*, by weight. There is also *Tapados*, without preliminaries, and *De cuchilla*, with artificial spurs. As a spectacle the function is not elevating. As a medium for the exchange of coin it is less monotonous than fan-tan and quicker than monte. "We should neither blame nor approve," some one somewhere sagely stated, "we should observe." Merely, then, by way of observation, it may be noted that, considered as an annexable institution, the Manila cock-pit is one for which this country could not go further with any chance of faring worse.

THE COMMERCE OF THE PHILIPPINES

Manila's staple industry is lies. The savage is sometimes truthful, the Spaniard seldom, and the Asiatic never. In the Manilese these elements and graces are fused. Another industry is tobacco. The yearly output of cigars is one hundred and forty million. Half the number is sold as Cuban. The other half, a variety with parallel sides and the end amputated, go, labeled cheroots, to India. The pseudo Cuban article has five shades, that run from Maduro to Claro. London gets the fancy colors, Spain the dark ones. The light ones come this way. Cigarette-making is another industry. Hemp is a third. The pursuit and capture of the orchid is an occasional fourth. To stalk these demon flowers takes months. The hunter must journey deep into distant jungles. He must elude the fever, he must elude bushmen more treacherous still. His compensation is an assortment of surprising adventures and a bag of plants, which, when the demand was more active than at present, sometimes commanded two thousand dollars apiece. Their beauty is equaled, though not exceeded, by the Philippine butterfly. The latter is as big as a bat. It is fawn color and has ruby eyes. So much for commerce.

DESIRABLE CITIZENS

Manila is the capital, or rather the nominal capital, of about fourteen hundred islands. Of these islands several are as big as England, others would find an ample playground in Madison Square. It is generally assumed that all have been brought under Spanish rule. In a recent publication, entitled "El Archipiélago filipino," it is intimated that the inhabitants of many of the islands are unaware that such a place as Spain is to be found on the map, or, for that matter, that such a thing as a map exists. The total population of the group exceeds seven million. Five million of these are savages; there is a million that is little better, the rest being made up of half-castes, creoles, Chinese and Spaniards. The mystery of the descent of the half-castes no one may unravel. They are the mongrel of Spaniard and Malay, of Europeans and Asiatics, of Chinese and Indians, the crossing and recrossing of these with other hybrids, until race is lost. Add thereto the Tangals, the Papuans, and what the Spanish call the Igarrotes, the Aetas and the Remontados families,

lies, for which there are no names in our tongue, and the result is a conglomeration which may be likened to humanity's sink.

BEFORE DEWEY

Manila has been taken before. The English did the job over a century ago, and a pretty tough task they had. The fleet numbered fourteen ships; they were all heavily armed, and the moment they entered the bay they got to work. So did the typhoon. Covered by the frigates' guns, a detachment of artillery and marines made for the shore. But the guns could not protect them from the waves. The surf took them, tossed them, churned them, and, while the shells shrieked over them, pitched them against each other. It was real Armada weather, but this time on the side of Spain. How the troops landed only an eye-witness could state, yet land they did. Meanwhile the storm increased. The whole coast was abroil. The frigates had the palsy. They danced like epileptics. But over the boom of the waters was the boom of the guns. Through those waters another detachment was sent, a second, a third. Spaniards, natives, the elements even joined to repulse them. Yet still the guns persisted. In the bastion a breach was made. Through the crumbled walls the English poured, and presently Manila had fallen. It is related that the Spaniards fought like fiends, that many of them refused quarter, and that rather than surrender three hundred drowned themselves in the sea. The ransom which Manila paid was four million dollars. That was dirt cheap and would be tripled to-day.

A TRADITION FOR BLANCO

Havana, too, has been taken. Her fall was practically coincidental with that of Manila. The English did the job in this instance also, but the task was harder. There was no typhoon, there was something worse. The siege lasted two months—from June 6 to August 10, 1762. During that period out of ten thousand troops five thousand were down with fever. The fleet consisted of nineteen liners, eighteen frigates, and one hundred and fifty transports. The commander-in-chief was the Earl of Albemarle. Under him, in addition to the British regulars, were volunteers from that section of the country now known as Greater New York. Lord Albemarle had been at Fontenoy and at Culloden. He had seen many a stiff fight. That before Havana was the stiffest. To his guns, the harbor, protected by Morro and Punta, and with three ships in lieu of mines sunk in the channel, was impregnable. He took the forts one by one. But he took them by land. Even then the city had to be bombarded for six hours before the governor would strike his flag. There is a tradition for Blanco.

THE GREETING FOR A HERO

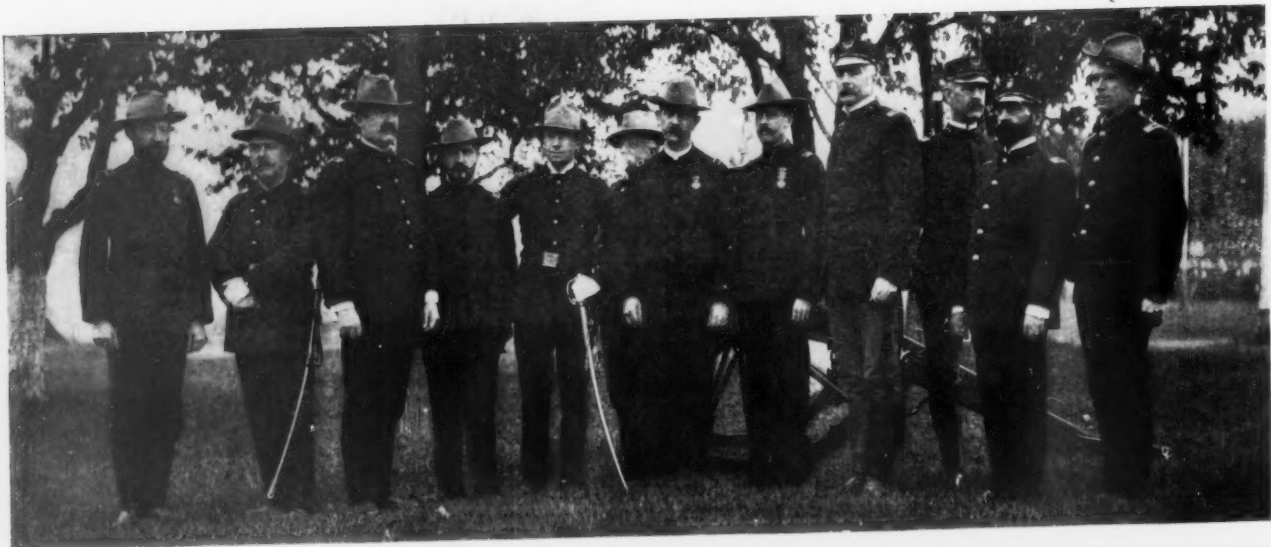
Dewey deserves better by the country than to be made an admiral. He ought to have a triumph. The suggestion may sound antique, but it would not hurt history to repeat herself, or the country to assist her. The one which Cæsar had threw Rome into convulsions. On that occasion the Via Sacra, the local Fifth Avenue, was, Suetonius says, curtained with silk. Through it the prodigious booty passed, wagon after wagon filled with gems, and with them panoramas of conquests, pictures of battles, incidentally a great stretch of ivory, on which shone three words, each beginning with a V—the glitter of the tribute to him who had come, who had seen, and who had conquered. When it had gone, the street was alive with explosions of brass, aflame with the burning red cloaks of laureled victors, making way for the chariot of Cæsar, while to the rear, for miles and miles, there rang the laugh of trumpets, the click of castanets, the roar of the multitude, the tramp of legions, and the cry caught up and repeated, *Io Triomphe!* That surely is the proper way to treat a hero. It is not only proper, it is more encouraging, and encouragement there should be. Now that the country has tasted blood, there is no telling where the taste may lead.

THE ALTRUISM OF INTERVENTION

In Italy's riots there is at once a specter, a law and a probability. The specter is that which fifty years ago stalked over Europe, rang the tocsins, raised the barricades, stared kings out of countenance, shook their thrones and chased them behind the ramparts of their bayonets. The law is that of progress. This country is acquainted with the advantages of revolution. So is Latin America. They are less manifest to others. As a consequence the riots in Italy, the mutterings in Austria, these things and more besides, must give the monarchies on the Continent food for thought. They must feel that their fate is more or less involved with that of Spain. Should the throne of Alfonso be turned topsy-turvy, the jostling of their own might begin. In the circumstances it is only natural for them to wish that the high stool on which the little boy sits should be kept right side up and equilibrium restored. That way intervention lies.

NO OTHER SO GOOD.

The social life of the present century creates conditions of motherhood which many times prevent the natural supply of food for infants. No so-called infant food equals the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.



SCENES AT CAMP TOWNSEND, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

1. Brigadier-general Doyle and staff.

2. A typical regimental camp.
N. G. N. Y.

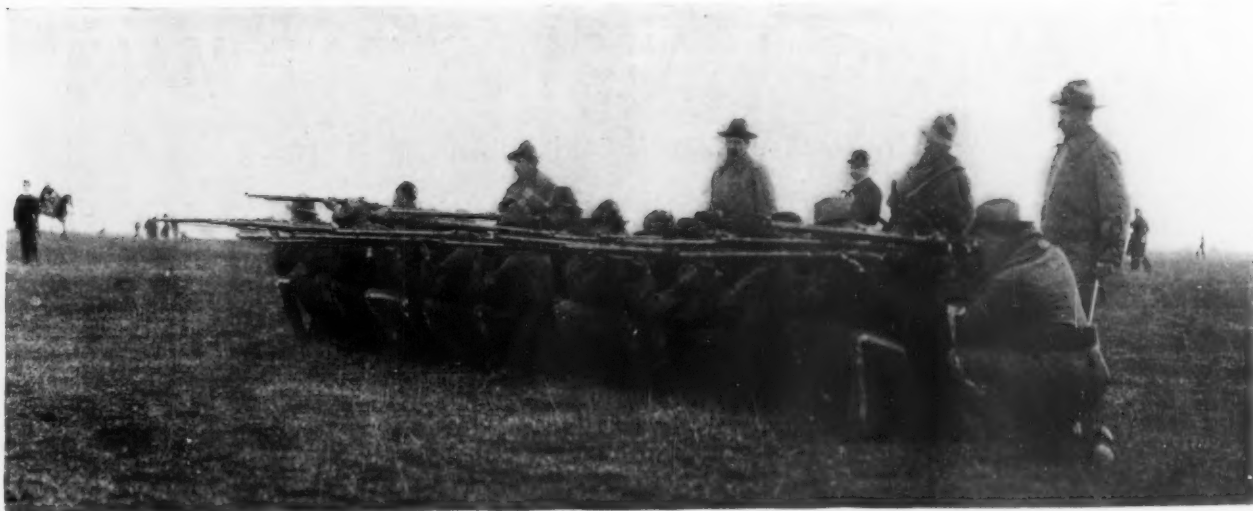
3. "Police" duty—cleaning camp.

4. Going to mess.

5. Colonel Seward, 9th Regiment,

6. Relieving guard.

7. Fitting to clothes.



SCENES AT CAMP BLACK, HEMPSTEAD, NEW YORK

1. Practice-firing at one thousand yards. 2. Colonel Eddy, 47th N.G. N. Y., with the regiment's field and staff officers. 3. Physical examination of a recruit.
4. Instructing recruits. 5. An entirely new company. 6. Recruits cooking their rations.

THE AMERICAN VICTORY AT MANILA

WITH A TABULAR COMPARISON OF THE TWO FLEETS

BY W. NEPHEW KING

"KEEP COOL AND OBEY ORDERS" fluttered the "Olympia's" signal flags, in that mystic language of the sea, before the last vestige of Castilian power in the East had been crushed by Yankee sailors. It was "May Day" in distant Spain, and while the haughty Dons were preparing to indulge in their Sunday pastime of "killing bulls," the American admiral was clearing decks for the purpose of carrying out his instructions to "kill Spaniards." Each American gun, as it thundered across the waters of Manila Bay, and belched forth death and destruction to the enemy, avenged the tragedy of February 15 in Havana Harbor, and sounded the knell of declining Spain. She had, at last, met her "Nemesis," and before the sun went down behind the hills of old Manila, the end had come.

Admiral Dewey, by his swift and crushing victory over an enemy not alone numerically greater but fortified by a position of vantage as well, will go down to history as one of the world's naval heroes. "Henceforth his name must be placed in the Valhalla of great commanders," says Vice-Admiral Colomb, the eminent English strategist.

There have been battles in which the odds against the victor were greater—engagements longer and more stubbornly fought—actions that have had a more potent influence upon the history of nations—but none wherein the entire force of the enemy was annihilated and six hundred were killed and wounded, without a serious casualty on the other side. From this standpoint, the battle of Manila occupies a unique position in the annals of modern warfare, and adds one more brilliant chapter to the history of the American navy.

Talleyrand says "nothing succeeds like success," but even had Dewey failed, his pluck and dash in entering an almost unknown harbor, strongly fortified, mined with submarine torpedoes, and distant seven thousand miles from the nearest base, would have placed him among the list of daring, though unsuccessful, commanders. His brilliant attainments as a fighter, therefore, must be supplemented by his skill as a navigator and his forethought as a strategist.

Many have been the theories advanced to account for this marvelous achievement. Some have charged the Spaniards with cowardice—others have deemed them deficient in gunnery. Neither of these accusations, however, are fair or true; for the piercing of the cruiser "Baltimore," and the bursting of a number of shells on the decks of our ships, prove that the range was correctly estimated and the aim good; while the fact that, despite the terrific cannonading the Spanish fleet had to face, not a single ship surrendered, is an evidence that their sailors fought with a courage born of despair. As a lesson in naval warfare, it was a triumph for the gun; for neither did the "ram" nor "torpedo" play any part in the conflict. I attribute our success to the marksmanship of the American sailors and the rapidity of fire from their guns. This was so overwhelming that it completely dazed the enemy, who appear to have acted like a pugilist after he has received a stunning blow between the eyes. Though he may not be entirely "knocked out," his blows are weak and ineffective, and each time that he rises to continue the fight only hastens the inevitable.

Another factor that contributed to Admiral Dewey's success was "surprise"—an element that has before won many great battles. He fought the enemy where he, not they, desired. The Spanish Admiral, it is said, intended to fight the American fleet in Subik Bay, a small arm of the sea, thirty miles to the north and east of Manila. Here, the geographic features of the land-locked harbor, combined with innumerable shallows, would have placed the Americans at a great disadvantage. Dewey seemed to have divined this, for had he arrived twenty-four hours later the Spanish fleet would have been riding to their anchors many miles away from the Manila battleground.

The Americans, it was thought, would never dare to force a passage into Manila Harbor under cover of darkness. For were not the dangers of navigation great? and had not all lights and beacons been extinguished? It was, therefore, in the nature of a surprise party when the Spanish sailors "turned out" of their hammocks in the gray of early dawn and traced the outlines of six American warships confronting them in battle array. Admiral Montojo's vessels were all at anchor, moored bow and stern, some of them not even with fires banked. And when, later, they slipped their cables and got under way, it was not to maneuver for a raking fire, as did our ships, but only to hug the shore, knowing that the deep draft of the American vessels would not admit of their fighting at close quarters.

Though Admiral Dewey's was the brain which outlined the plan of battle, and his supreme intelligence directed the forces that destroyed the enemy, victory was due, not to his energies alone, but to the superb discipline of the crews that fought under him. It was the acme of organization. The perfection of detail.

Scarcely was a signal hoisted at the masthead of the flagship before it was instantly and faithfully executed by the commanding officers of the different vessels. A point to starboard or port out of the prescribed course—a knot less in speed—a slower fire in the main and secondary batteries—the mistake of a degree in elevation, or of a few yards in range—might have prolonged the conflict and cost the lives of many American sailors.

Down in the grimy bowels of the ponderous fighting machines, where the temperature savors of hades, the stokers were firing the furnaces, unmindful of the din and roar of battle overhead. The quartermaster at the helm, the petty officer at the gun, the surgeon in the cockpit, and the engineer at the throttle—each contributed his mite to the glory of the day.

These elements taught the Spaniards, if they can be taught anything, that the "men behind the guns" are factors in the battle problem of far more importance than modern ordnance, than even the most superb courage.

Admiral Dewey sailed from Mirs Bay on the afternoon of April 27, steering a straight course and steaming at full speed for the Philippine Islands. The fleet consisted of the flagship "Olympia," the cruisers "Baltimore," "Raleigh," and "Boston," the gunboats "Concord" and "Petrel," the revenue cutter "McCulloch," and the transports "Zafiro" and "Vaushan." His orders were simple—"Capture or destroy Spanish fleet."

As the vessels approached the coast, signal was made for the "Baltimore," "Raleigh," and "Concord" to call at Subik Bay, where it was supposed the Spaniards were lying in ambush. Instead of the vaunted "armada," the senior officer encountered only two small schooners. As their captains professed ignorance concerning the movements of the Spanish fleet, the three cruisers again joined the flag.

It was then six o'clock on the afternoon of April 30, and the Admiral calculated that, under easy steam, he should reach the mouth of Manila Bay, distant thirty miles to the south and west, within three hours. The course was, therefore, shaped for "Boca Grande," the southern entrance, which, though commanded by heavy batteries on the point of Corregidor and Caballo Islands, held the deeper water. Here, owing to a swift and erratic current, he thought it improbable that the Spaniards had been able to plant any submarine mines. It was just eight o'clock when the lookout reported land ahead.

With all lights masked, two lines were formed. In the first were the "Olympia," "Baltimore," "Raleigh," "Petrel," "Concord," and "Boston," and the "McCulloch," "Zafiro," and "Vaushan" in the second. All of the ships were cleared for action, the guns shotted, and the crews at quarters, for it was expected that the forts would open fire as soon as the fleet came within range. The first line had passed, however, and the second was well in the bay before a flash of fire on the point at Corregidor, followed by a deep report, told the Admiral that his fleet had been sighted by the enemy. The shot went wide of its mark, passing over the flagship and splashing into the water beyond. This was followed by a second, a trifle better as to range, but so far to the right that it fell into the sea astern. The fire was returned by a single shot from the "Raleigh," "Boston," and "Concord"—one of their shells exploded either within or close enough to the shore battery to silence it.

Manila was now distant about five hours' slow steaming. The "retreat" was therefore sounded, and the crews allowed to leave their stations. They were instructed, however, to sleep near the guns. The men were so thoroughly exhausted from the nervous pitch to which they had been keyed during the previous three hours that they slept soundly, despite the thrilling drama, perchance tragedy, to be enacted upon the day that had just then been born—a day that has since passed into history illumined by the most glorious victory in the annals of the American navy.

A glance at the chart illustrating this article will show that to the southward of New Manila there is a wide bight or pocket in the bay. On the end of the point toward the sea is Cavite, and upon a narrow tongue of land, extending northeast and southwest from Cavite, stands the Arsenal. Powerful shore batteries had been erected at Cavite, the Arsenal, and New Manila, and covered by these, well back into the bight, lay

the Spanish fleet at anchor. From a strategic standpoint, the position should have been almost impregnable, for before an enemy could bring his guns to bear upon any vessel at anchor he would be himself exposed to a severe cross fire. Here it was that Admiral Dewey found the enemy at daybreak on Sunday morning, May 1. Admiral Montojo had anchored his vessels in two lines. The "Reina Cristina," flying his flag, was moored ahead and astern almost under the guns of the Arsenal. Off her starboard beam lay the cruiser "Castilla," and next to her the "Don Juan de Austria," and then the "Don Antonio de Ulloa." In the second line were the cruisers "Velasco," "Elcano," "Isla de Luzon," "Isla de Cuba," "General Lezo," "Marques del Duero," and "Isla de Mindanao."

It was just five o'clock when the American fleet in single column of vessels, standing toward Manila, steamed by at a speed of eight knots. The flagship "Olympia" led the column, followed by the "Baltimore," "Raleigh," "Petrel," "Concord," and "Boston." The "McCulloch" and the two transports stood over to the westward away from the line of battle. The Spanish fleet lay to starboard at a distance of five thousand yards, and the flagship "Reina Cristina," followed by the larger vessels, immediately slipped her cable and got under way. As soon as the "Olympia" came within range of the batteries of New Manila they opened fire upon her. Admiral Dewey signaled the "Concord" to reply with her secondary battery, as he feared that the great guns of the larger vessels might miss the shore batteries and create havoc in the crowded city.

Off Cavite, two submarine mines were exploded just ahead of the flagship. The sea rose in great geysers that sparkled in the rising sun, but did no damage. The Spaniards had miscalculated the vessel's position. A few minutes' delay in transmitting the electric current would have destroyed the handsome flagship and sent her to the bottom like her proud sister the "Maine." It was a self-evident fact that the Spaniards were not able to manipulate submarine mines in war as successfully as they did in peace. Dewey stood on, however, not hesitating for an instant. Now the heavy batteries on the Arsenal at Cavite opened on the American fleet, and shells were bursting on all sides. Still Dewey replied not—he was saving his projectiles for more effective work.

Suddenly, above the roar of bursting shell, the shriek of shrapnel, and the whistle of machine-gun fire, there arose a mighty shout from four hundred throats—"Remember the Maine!"

From ship to ship the refrain was taken up, until it echoed across the placid waters of the bay and reached the sailors of that nation of midnight assassins.

Now the battle was on, and Dewey prepared to return his compliments to Montojo. The massive turret of the flagship began to revolve slowly, bringing the starboard 8-inch gun into action. A mighty roar shook the "Olympia" from stem to stern, and her main battery followed, throwing a storm of shot and shell upon the Spaniards ashore and afloat. The other vessels of the fleet soon joined in the chorus of this weird battle hymn—this deep-voiced requiem to their comrades of the "Maine." The Spanish vessels fought with fierce determination. Their shots fell thick and fast; but the God of war was on the side of those who were fighting for a righteous cause. Dewey stood on the forward bridge of the flagship, glasses in hand, directing the movements of his vessels as though engaged in target practice

instead of fighting a battle that was destined to place him upon the pinnacle of fame.

With helm a-port, straight for the Spanish fleet he headed, closing in until the distance was reduced to four thousand yards. Here the water shoaled, and he was forced to slow down. Steering a parallel course, he continued the fire in column of vessels, giving them first broadsides from his starboard guns, then wheeling and opening upon them with his port battery. Five times did the American fleet file by the Spaniards, the last time closing to two thousand yards. The Spanish flagship seemed to bear the brunt of the action, and soon was burning fiercely. Admiral Montojo then shifted his flag to the "Isla de Cuba," and in doing so escaped the fate of the captain of the flagship, who was killed shortly after he disembarked. The "Castilla" and "Don Antonio de Ulloa" soon kept the flagship company.

During the action several of the American vessels were struck, but, strange to say, no one was killed and very little damage done. Lieutenant Joseph L. Stickney, the New York "Herald" correspondent, who was on the bridge with Admiral Dewey, in his thrilling report says: "One shot struck the 'Baltimore' and passed clean through her, fortunately hitting no one. Another ripped up the main deck, disabled a 6-inch gun, and exploded a box of 3-pounder ammunition, wounding eight men. The 'Olympia' was struck abreast the gun in the wardroom by a shell which burst outside, doing little damage. The signal halyards were cut from Lieutenant Brumby's hand on the after bridge. A shell entered the 'Boston's' port quarter and burst in Ensign Dodridge's stateroom, starting a hot fire, and fire was also caused by a shell which burst in the port hammock netting. Both were quickly put out. Another shell passed through the 'Boston's' foremast just in front of Captain Wildes, on the bridge."

At 7.30, after the American fleet had steamed by the enemy for the fifth time, Admiral Dewey decided to retire beyond the range of the Spanish guns and give his men a chance to rest and eat breakfast. At eleven o'clock he began the action again, and completed the work begun in the early morning. The fleet was again formed in single column of vessels, this time with the "Baltimore" in the lead, followed by the "Olympia," "Raleigh," "Petrel," "Concord," and "Boston." The "Baltimore" was first to open fire on the Spanish ships, which she continued with disastrous effect. The "Raleigh," "Boston," "Concord," and "Petrel" were then ordered to go into the light under the guns of Cavite and destroy all the remaining Spanish vessels. The "Don Juan de Austria," "Marques del Duero," "Isla de Cuba," "Correo," and all the smaller craft were set on fire after being abandoned by their crews. At 12.30, the Spanish ensign was hauled down from the staff on the Arsenal at Cavite, the white flag hoisted, and the Battle of Manila had passed into history.

The loss of life on the Spanish side is said to have been two hundred killed and four hundred wounded. These figures are not official, however, the only authentic cable being one to the Spanish government from the governor-general of the Philippine Islands. In this he says there were six hundred and eighteen men killed and wounded and eleven vessels destroyed.

Following is a list of the different vessels taking part in the action, showing their dimensions and armaments in a tabulated form:

AMERICAN SHIPS.

VESSEL.	CLASS.	TONS.	LENGTH IN FEET.	COMPLEMENT.	ARMAMENT.
OLYMPIA.....	STEEL CRUISER.....	5,870	340	400	Four 8-in., ten 5-in., fourteen 6-pounders, six 1-pounders.
BALTIMORE.....	STEEL CRUISER.....	4,400	327.6	400	Four 8-in., six 6-in., four 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, two 1-pounders.
RALEIGH.....	STEEL CRUISER.....	3,200	300	350	One 6-in., ten 5-in., eight 6-pounders, four 1-pounders.
BOSTON.....	STEEL CRUISER.....	3,200	270.3	350	Two 8-in., six 6-in., two 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, two 1-pounders.
CONCORD.....	STEEL GUNBOAT.....	1,700	230	250	Six 6-in., two 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, one 1-pounder.
PETREL.....	STEEL GUNBOAT.....	890	176	150	Four 6-in., two 3-pounders, three 1-pounders.

SPANISH SHIPS.

VESSEL.	CLASS.	TONS.	LENGTH IN FEET.	COMPLEMENT.	ARMAMENT.
REINA MARIA CRISTINA.....	STEEL CRUISER.....	3,520	280	370	Six 6.2-in. (Hontoria), two 2.7-in., three 2.2-in. quick-firing, two 1.5-in., six 3-pounders, two muzzle-loaders.
CASTILLA.....	WOODEN CRUISER.....	3,342	246	300	Four 5.9-in. (Krupp), two 4.7-in., two 3.3-in., four 2.9-in., eight quick-firing, two muzzle-loaders.
DON ANTONIO DE ULLOA.....	CRUISER.....	1,152	210	173	Four 4.7-in. (Hontoria), two 2.7-in., two quick-firing, five muzzle-loaders.
DON JUAN DE AUSTRIA.....	CRUISER.....	1,152	210	173	Four 4.7-in. (Hontoria), three 2.2-in. quick-firing, two 1.5-in., five muzzle-loaders.
VELASCO.....	CRUISER.....	1,152	210	173	Three 5.9-in. 4-ton (Armstrong), two 2.7-in. (Hontoria), two muzzle-loaders.
ISLA DE LUZON.....	GUNBOAT.....	1,040	200	160	Four 4.7-in. (Hontoria), 46-pounder quick-firing, two 3-pounders, two muzzle-loaders.
ISLA DE CUBA.....	GUNBOAT.....	1,040	200	160	Four 4.7-in. (Hontoria), four 6-pounder quick-firing, two 3-pounders, two muzzle-loaders.
GENERAL LEZO.....	GUN VESSEL.....	524	157	97	Two 4.7 in. (Hontoria), one 3.5-in., two quick-firing, one muzzle-loader.
ELCANO.....	GUN VESSEL.....	524	157	116	Three 4.7-in. (Hontoria), two quick-firing, two muzzle-loaders.
MARQUES DEL DUERO.....	DESPATCH VESSEL.....	500	157	98	One 6.2-in. muzzle-loading rapid-fire (Palliser), two 4.7-in. smooth-bores, one muzzle-loader.
ISLA DE MINDANAO.....	AUXILIARY CRUISER.....	4,195	376.5



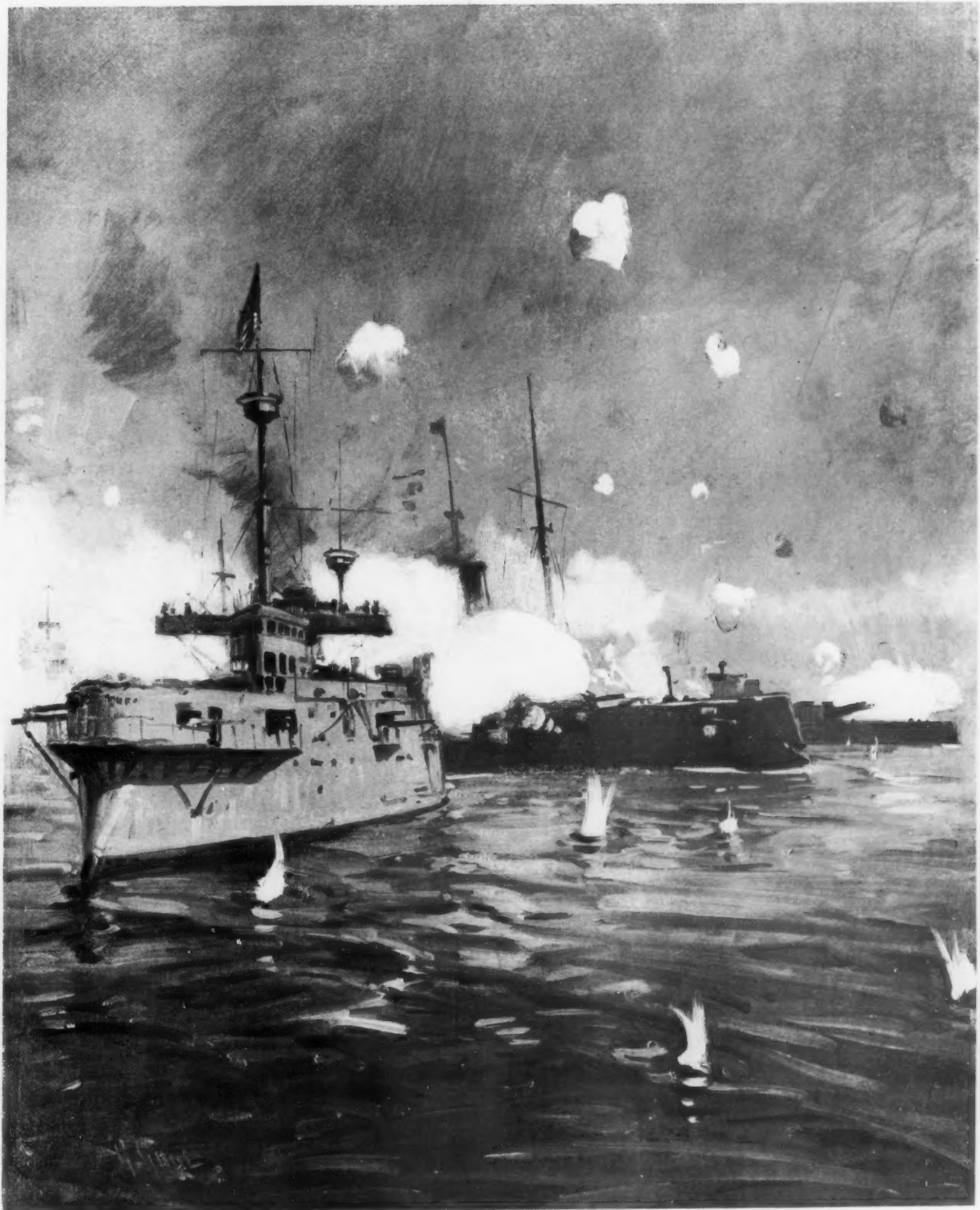
LOBBY OF TAMPA BAY HOTEL—OFFICERS DISCUSSING THE MILITARY AND NAVAL SITUATION

(Drawn by our Special Artist, WALTER RUSSELL)

FROM THE FRONT

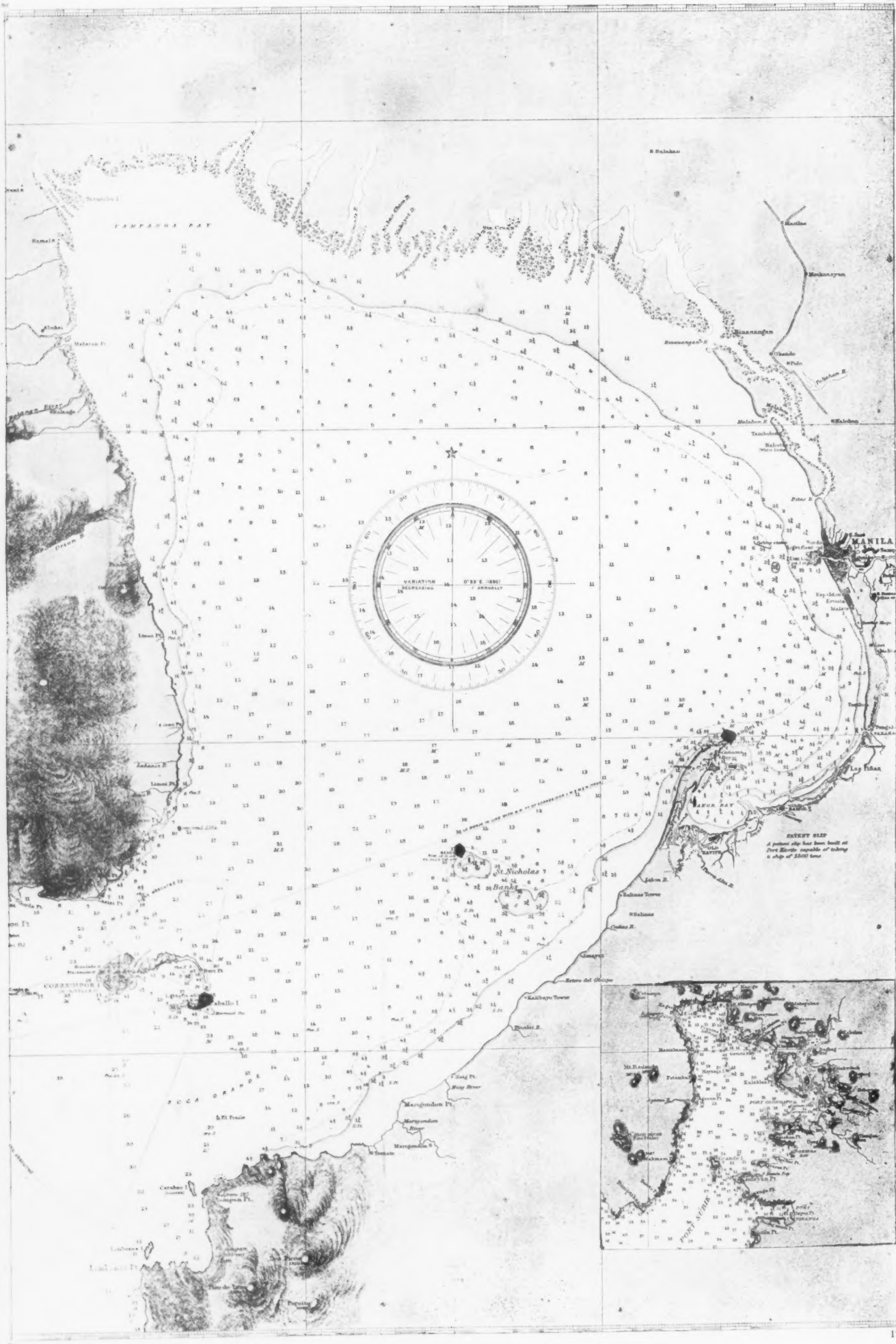
AN ILLUSTRATED BULLETIN OF THE WEEK'S WAR NEWS

NEW YORK MAY 21 1898



BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS AT SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

(Drawn by GILBERT GAUL, from sketches by our Special Artist)



SLIGHTLY REDUCED IN FAC-SIMILE, FROM THE CHART PREPARED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. THE SCALE OF THE LARGER MAP IS ABOUT THREE AND ONE-HALF INCHES TO THE INCH, OF PORT SUBIG, SEVEN MILES TO THE INCH. THE DARKER SPOTS ON ISLANDS, SHOALS AND POINTS INDICATE POSITIONS OF LIGHTHOUSES. THE FIGURES WITH WHICH MANILA BAY IS DOTTED INDICATE DEPTH OF WATER, IN FATHOMS.



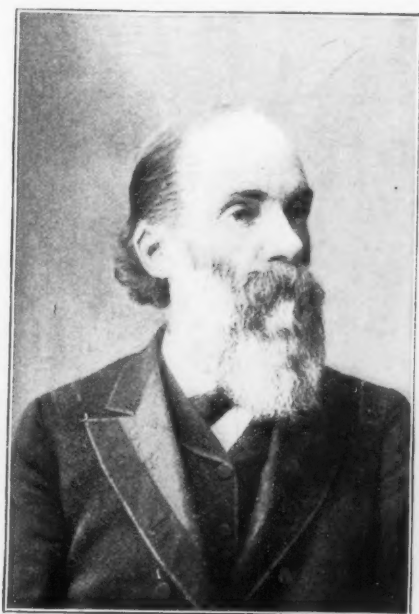
MAJ.-GEN. W. R. SHAFTER,
To command troops going to Cuba



BRIG.-GEN. H. C. CORBIN,
Adjutant-General of the Army.



MAJ.-GEN. J. F. WADE,
Commander of the troops at Tampa.



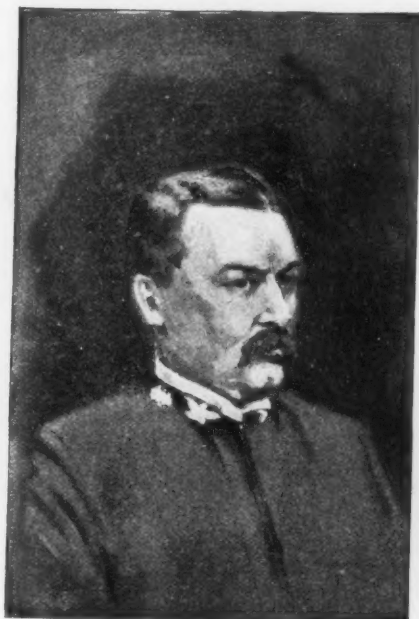
MAJ.-GEN. "JOE" WHEELER,
Late Representative from Alabama.



MAJ.-GEN. J. C. BRECKENRIDGE,
Inspector-General of the Army.



MAJ.-GEN. FITZHUGH LEE,
Late Consul-General at Havana.



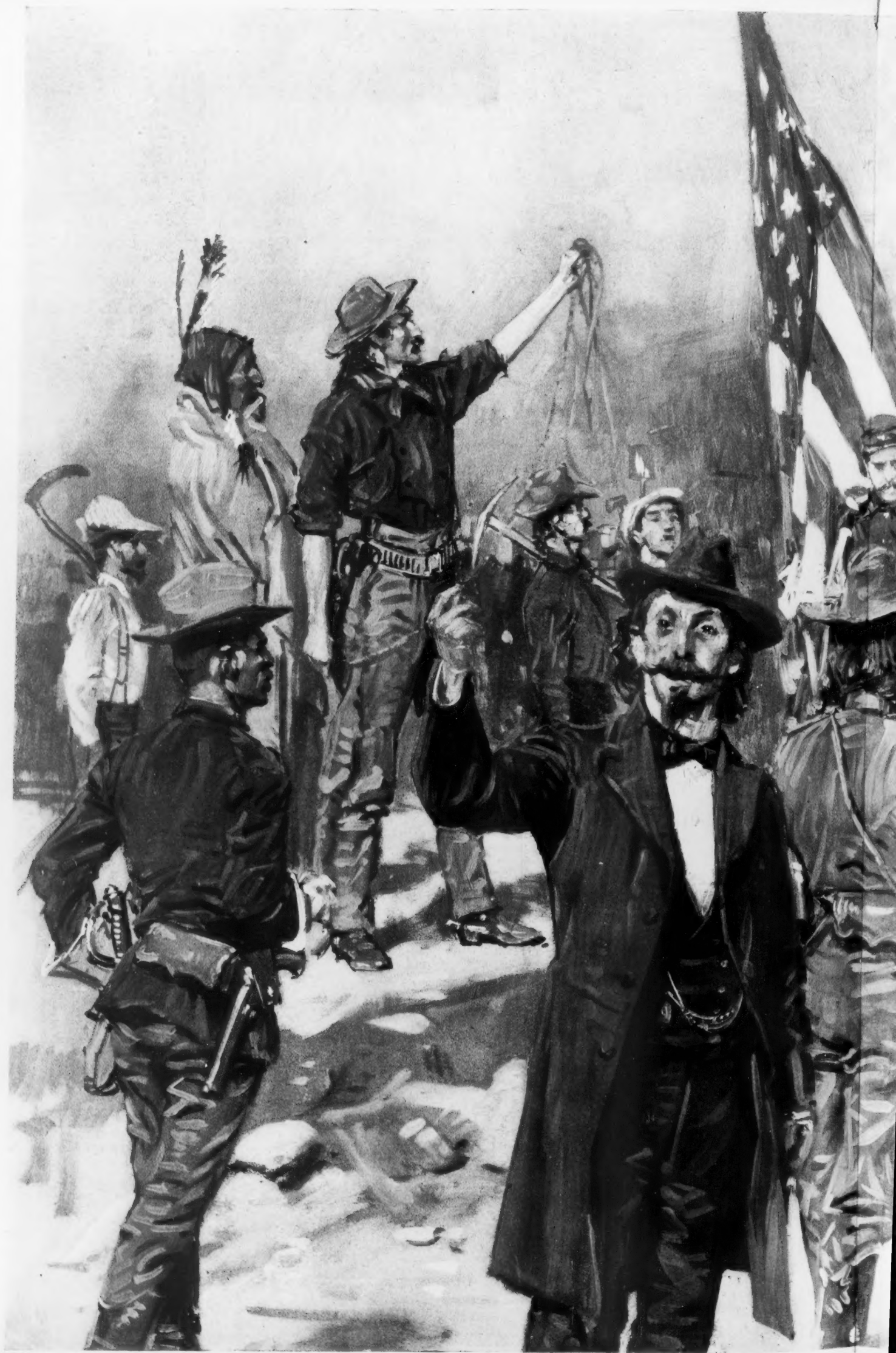
CAPT. HENRY GLASS,
Commanding Cruiser "Charleston," ordered to Dewey's Fleet.



COL. J. G. C. LEE,
Chief Quartermaster at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga.

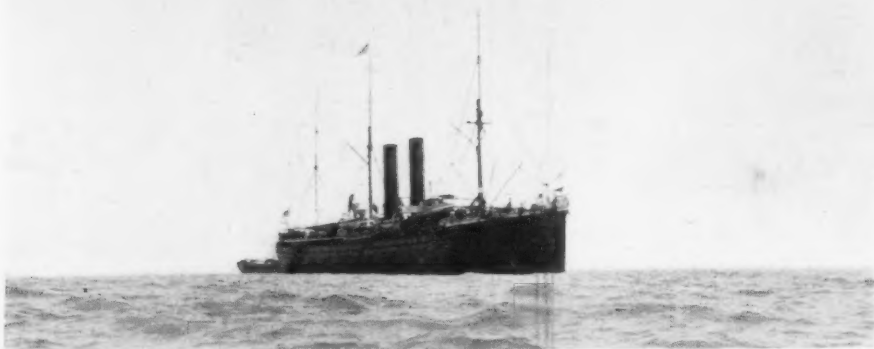


BRIG.-GEN. ROYAL T. FRANK,
Commandant of Fort Monroe.



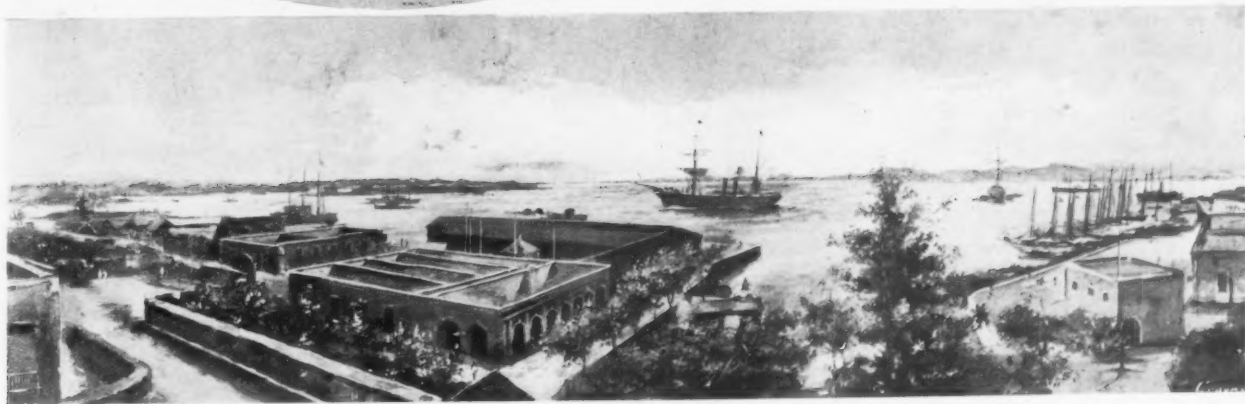
“SO WE’LL RALLY ‘ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS; WE’LL RALLY ONCE A





CAUGHT BY CAMERA AT KEY WEST

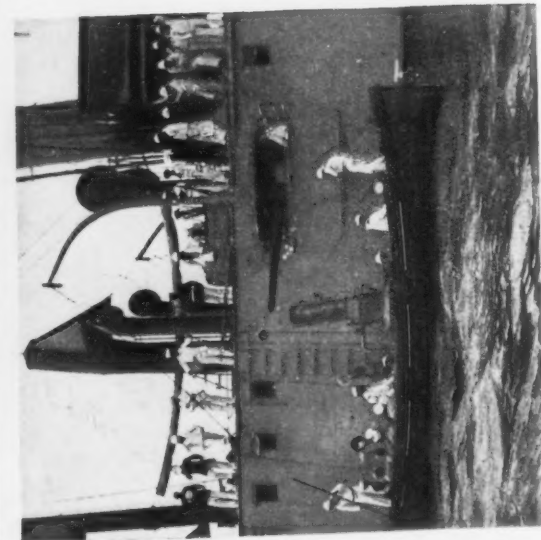
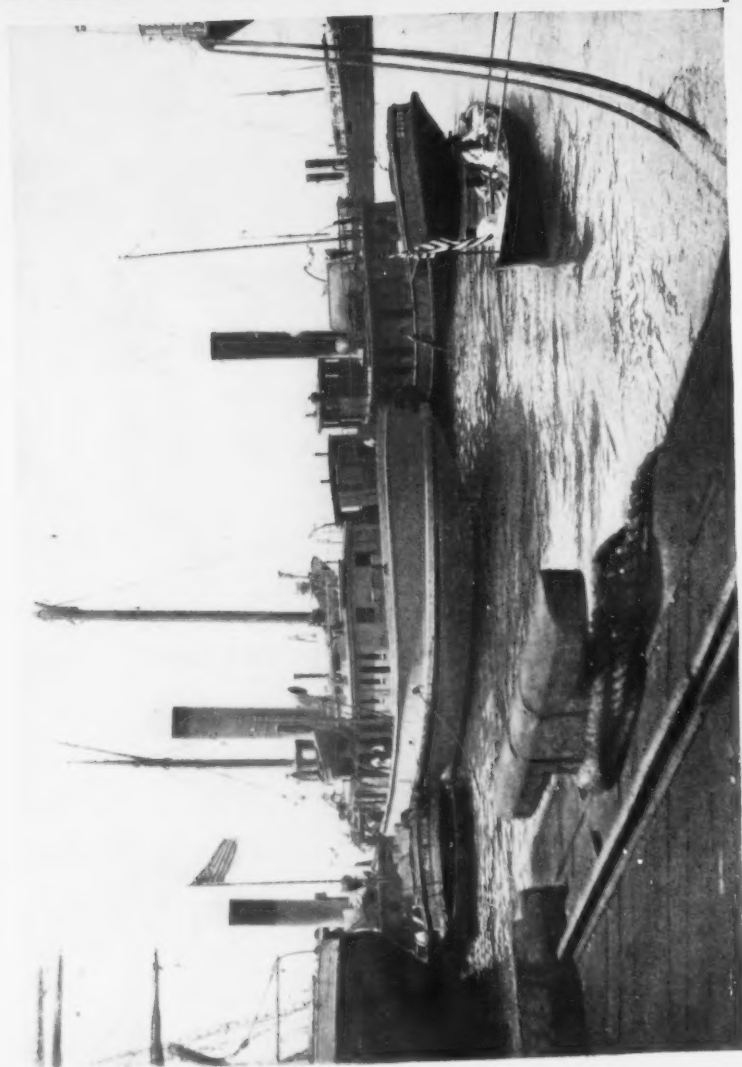
1. Transferring marines from Key West to the transport "Panther." 2. Prize schooner "Antonio y Pazo" 3. French steamer "Lafayette," captured while attempting to run the blockade, but afterward released. 4. Boat of the "Lafayette"; Custom House and government dock in background.



THE CITY OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

1. General view of the city. 2. Street of the Holy Cross. 3. Market women. 4. Old convent. 5. View of the harbor, from the city.

"FROM THE FRONT"

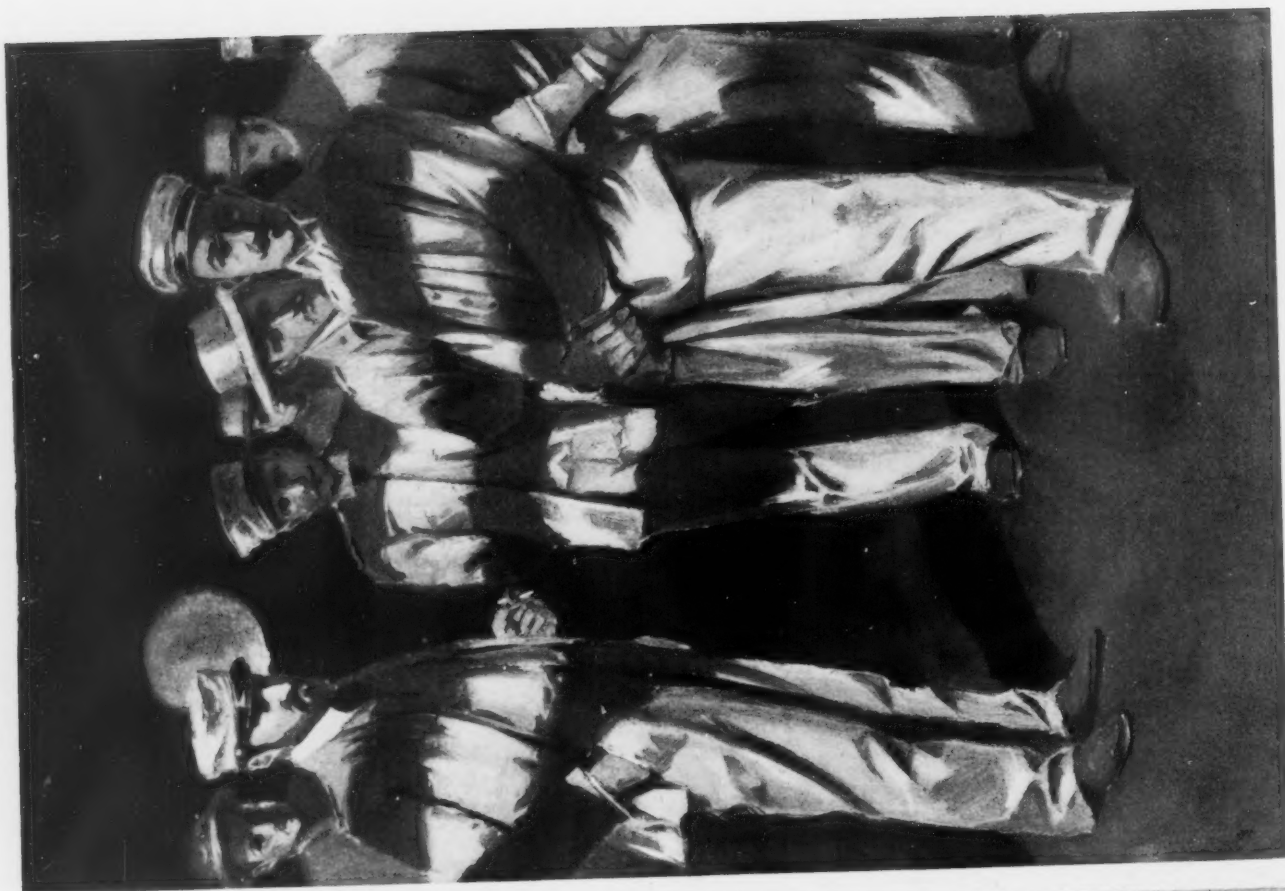


1. "Oregon," "Stone," and "Albatross" after a hard run from Havana.



2. Spanish prisoners from the "Albatross" leaving the "Nashville."

(From photographs by GEORGE FANSON, Key West.)



WITH THE PRIZES AT KEY WEST

3. "Argonauta."

4. Spanish prisoners in hold of "Nashville."

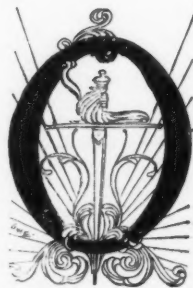


"A GOOSE!" CRIED MY COUSIN; "I COULD DEVOUR THE FEATHERS OF A GOOSE!"

THE GEESE OF THE CRIMEA

BY CHARLES F. BOURKE

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. WENZEL



LD PERIKOP, the swordsman, was sitting by the open window in his fencing gallery, twisting the waxed ends of his gray mustache, in deep thought. Sparrows were twittering in the hot sun, and a band down the street was playing. He had been giving a lesson, and the foils and masks lay upon the floor where they had been carelessly thrown. The fencing gallery was a large square room, hung with all manner and fashions of swords, rapiers, sabers, and small arms. I had brought a bottle of red wine with me—the Bordeaux the old man liked—and that, and the band, put him in good humor.

"It's the War-Song of the Rhine—the Marseillaise Hymn," he said, smiling. "That makes me think of many years ago, yes! Of a cousin I once had—Jacques Bernard by name—Bernard of the Chasseurs d'Afrique in the Crimea. He is with the saints in Paradise now. He was a very good swordsman, my cousin Jacques, accustomed to use Du Pradet's thrust in quarte under the wrist—a tricky Italian method, but effective. For my part, I always thought glissade and flanconade his fine point. Trois-glissade—repost—longe—ah! That was Jacques,

my cousin. There was no escaping it!" The old man's brown and corded hands trembled as he drew off his buckskin sword-glove. "Why, that music brought the abbe into my mind then! Old Abbe Pinaud, of the Grenadiers of the Guard; old Pinaud who stole the Turk's dinner; old rascal Pinaud!" The swordsman chuckled gleefully as he rolled a cigarette. "I will tell you that while we drink the bottle. We fought for that dinner!

"You were not born then, but many good men were in the world nevertheless. Jacques, my cousin, was one of them. It was at the Siege of Sebastopol, the last day of the bombardment and the night before the assault in which the city fell. I was in the Zouaves of the Guard, then.

"Jacques, my cousin, came into the ragged tent at sunset and sat down on my old haversack, to shiver over the fagot fire. He drew his horse-blanket havelock over his head, tucked his big saber between his muddy legs and spread his frozen hands out over the embers. 'Twas a weapon that disgusted him, that saber, but the arm of his corps, you understand. He was wet and cold, poor Jacques! the end of his long thin nose was red as the coals and his pale blue eyes watered with misery. A muddy and melancholy Chasseur d'Afrique; a lean, hungry and hollow-eyed soldier of France. I surveyed him regretfully from my sheepskin, and listened to the roar of the siege guns and the groan of the big Lancaster of the English; the gun that bat-

tered the White Tower and threw missed balls to Fort Constantine, over the bay. The old tent was filled with smoke that set us coughing and choking.

"Jacques's head was close-cropped and red, to mate with his nose, and the point of his fiery hair thrust down on top of his bony brow like the peak of the devil's skullcap. Jacques's legs were long and strong, his eyes keen and sharp, though watery with the smoke, and his mustachios enormous and red like his hair. During the Restoration, back in Languedoc, where the silkworm moths fed and spun cocoons upon the mulberry trees, in our little white frocks we had fenced with wooden swords, for the love of our sweet-faced neighbor, whose cheeks were like the fall berries; or trotted beside my aunt, going in her great linen cap to the mangans; for the silkworms of the Perikops and Bernards are famous in that part. Now I sit here by my window, dreaming of kings that are dust, and of France warring with the Muscovite for a Turk's religion. My hand did not tremble then, and these crooked legs were straight and strong and sinewy when the long rapier swung against them. De Freyville and Danet would be willing to cross blades with me as I was then.

"On that cheerless night, when my cousin came from the trenches to smoke a cigarette with me, his heart was faint and sick within his starved and shivering body—my poor Chasseur!—and we talked of many things concerning the army, as soldiers will: The hard winter, and the water, cold as ice, in the trenches where we had to stuff sandbags and construct gabions and fascines—the mad English cavalry and Balaklava—the Mamelon, with its tons of Russian bullets coming every day to tear open French uniforms and let out French lives; the 'suicide trench,' we called it—the new graveyard on the harbor sands, where sailors from the cholera-stricken warships dug graves; their own graves, often; for one dug a hole in the morning and slept in it at night, to wake no more! They sang sea-songs, those sailors, but the songs sounded like dirges. And those were all but places to starve in. Then there was the Blue Pest that had chased us from Scutari's hospitals into the Peninsula, gathering up a daily harvest of French, English, and Turks. The horses of the cavalry starved with the troops, and stood around in pitiful bunches with their poor skeleton heads tied down, that they might not eat each other's manes and tails, but only gnaw the frozen earth and patiently die. And the wounded horses from every engagement, that wandered about the camp, for the English forbid their killing. I could tell you many things about that great siege. There was a worm that hollowed out the French cartridges and made them harmless as soap-bubbles. The Savans found that out afterward, when the investigations took place. The soldiers knew it before, to their sorrow. But, all the same, we could not change the fact that the stone forts still held out and day after day shot out the souls of French soldiers. First we buried them in the Valley of the Chersonese and a thousand crows sang *requiem*. Surely, those who departed must have greatly enjoyed heaven. So Jacques agreed with me. But mostly we talked of the possibilities of food.

"Do you know, Jean," said my cousin, "last night I dreamed of roast capon!"

"Poor Jacques!" said I, "you are with abstinence light-headed; in the Crimea there is not even a goose—"

"A goose!" cried my cousin; "I could devour the feathers of a goose! I would throw myself under the guns of the Malakoff for a gosling! Those wolves of Cossacks have guillotined all the geese. Besides, is there not water to swim in, in the Black Sea yonder, and air to fly through? No goose would stay in this forsaken place! B-r-r! 'Tis bitter cold in this habitation of yours. I am both cold and starved. I could cut up and boil a drummer. How that great pig of a Lancaster roars! They are demolishing the White Tower for a breach to-morrow."

"Those mad English will burst that gun as they did the other," said I.

"I laugh with amusement," said my cousin, "when I think of their long-faced priest, his chastenings and his Providence. One knows, of course, the three gods of the English are not overnice, and work with air-bubbles and beer-swilling puddlers. Twenty gunners, my faith! The soul of that molder will answer for it. . . . Pinaud is coming to-night; he has a bottle of brandy."

"I was about to reply when there was a noise without, and a head was thrust in at the flap of the tent. It was that very rascal Pinaud of the Grenadiers; the abbe, we called him; a grim and gray old rat, who poked in his kepi and bullet-head and followed them with his great body. He came in with the brandy under his arm and set his musket down by Jacques's saber. A hoary old bandit, the abbe, let me tell you; with his great hooked nose, like a Stamboul Jew's, and his little twinkling eyes set so close together, like a fox's, on each side of it. A greedy old barbarian, who could drink more than any two

and who was prodigiously old. He had even followed the Little Corporal, half a lifetime before, the Grenadiers swore, and crossed the Sambre with the Marquis de Lavallane when the general cut his way into the English squares at Quatre Bras. He was notched and scarred with many wounds, and had one great white scar across his face from a sword-cut that did not improve his beauty. Tradition told tales of Pinaud. Jacques had saved his life with a long carbine shot in the mix-up at Alma, and we were fast friends, I promise you, dividing with each other.

"Ah, my infants!" he cried, "I am famishing with thirst—and I have something to tell you. It was from Gaston Laporte I got it."

"The gunner who was killed at the river, yesterday?" said Jacques.

"The same! Pass the bottle, Jacques, my humming-bird, and we will drink to his safe passage into Paradise. It was God's will—*Mundus Deo pare!*" A learned soldier, the abbe was; so he got his name. "I was about to relate," he went on; "there is a little camel of the artillery that accompanied me hither, though unwillingly. To-night he goes upon a journey. I found him tied to a gun-carriage singing like a howling Dervish in the stillness of the night. Well, yesterday morning, before the

attack, Gaston came to inquire did I prefer baked goose to black bread—"

"The angels!" cried Jacques, "my dream has come true! Hasten, M. l'Abbe, old robber! We are going for them? or is this but one of your great lies?"

"Pinaud drained the cup we were drinking the brandy out of, and set it upon his knee, smacking his lips. 'In the time of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, you were, no doubt, a wind instrument; for you make much noise even yet,' said he.

"Then he told us the geese were two in number and in the possession of the pasha, an Austrian officer of Turks. Both geese and Turks were encamped on the back of our third division, over the hill by the sailors' camp. Jacques hastily buckled on one of my light rapiers. 'Finish the bottle first,' said the abbe.

"We will take it with us," said my cousin. "The camp is full of thieves. We will drink to France. . . . A blue frock she wore; I remember it suited her fair hair." There was one to whom Jacques's thoughts turned when drinking.

"Good! we will drink deeply to the blue frock of France," said the abbe, grinning. "To love oppose dissipation! You are an owl in more than wisdom, my African! Do you know why the gray owl went forth at night, Jacques?"

"I have not heard that, M. l'Abbe."

"Because of his poverty," said Pinaud. "Hurry, my children! I will leave the musket (as one does not steal geese with



PINAUD AND JACQUES CAME DASHING HEADLONG DOWN THE ROAD

muskets) and take Jacques's saber. In my youth I was familiar with the weapon.' We went out, and the abbe climbed into the cart, his saber clanking against the wheel. My cousin and I followed him.

"A rough ride it was, through that great war-camp and over the hill, jolting through the ice-sheeted mud. The camel flew along like the winds of the Bosphorus, and though the abbe remarked that to the contented all seats were soft, we were sore and weary when the flickering lights appeared before us, down in the hollow—for we were then skirting the hillside. The red glare and the roar of cannon were behind us, and we proceeded, reconnoitering with caution. Finally Pinaud brought the camel-fiend to a standstill.

"Listen now!" said he, descending from the cart and handing me the driving strap, 'yonder to the left is the camp of the English sailors; Jean shall continue to argue with this evil-minded animal—who is possessed of a devil or two—and per-

long-barreled Yaki rifle across the embrasure, 'fight among themselves; also they make merry while so doing.' And he went on to relate to the gunners the circumstances of a vendetta of his own, a family disagreement with his brother-in-law, Shan Kali Sheik (or some such), in his native hills, far off in the black cloud-line to the north, whence he had fled, proscribed and fugitive, to join the Allies. How Shan of the triple name had attempted his (the hillsman's) life, foolishly, and how the before-named Shan screamed out upon a certain dark night, and how, running in, alarmed, they had found Shan biting the earth, with a ram's-horn-handled dagger in his white heart; a dagger which he, the narrator, had once owned, and lost, unfortunately. It was unjust and careless in the assassin to run off leaving the knife in the body. Probably a sudden fright, as Shan waking up and screaming when the blow came, must have made the murderer hasten away; but he ought to have taken the knife with him and prevented the cruel suspicions that afterward were whispered about. Subsequently the hillsman had learned that Shan's son, a headstrong youth, without respect for the ties of relationship and consanguinity, had the knife, and had sworn some very curious and earnest Tartar oaths thereon. But no



HE RECOGNIZED ME, AND CALLED OUT FAINTLY

suade him forward on the road to the sailors' camp, the distance of a musket-shot, and there await us. There is an aperture to enter, therefore Jacques, who is thin, shall go with me. That renegade pasha is fond of drink, and, I am told, likes to smoke opium, and sleeps much; furthermore, those ridiculous Turks keep no guard. Jacques, my jailbird, the church leads; do you follow and make but little noise!" A droll soldier, that Grenadier.

"They disappeared in the darkness, and I turned the camel's head down the Karany Road. At that point where the road branched off to the Monastery of St. George was located a telegraph battery, between the third and fourth divisions on the line. In front of the battery the brute stopped, having some matter to settle in his mind, no doubt. I ceased to remonstrate with him, and sat listening to the gunners, who were smoking around an embrasure, a few feet away. The siege guns were booming on the other side of the hill, like long rolls of thunder, and the sky was red with their fire; but it was quiet here, and the moon was coming up with a pale light. Laughter and cries of quarreling came from the sailors' camp further down the road.

"Those blue and red foreign devils," said a bushy-bearded Crim-Tartar, who was leaning over the banquet, holding his

matter! unless he (the hillsman) was greatly mistaken, there were coming madmen, running amuck from the Turkish camp.

"Pinaud and Jacques came dashing headlong down the road. Jacques had his naked rapier in his hand and the abbe carried a dead goose under each arm. Both leaped into the car, and Jacques prodded the camel with his rapier. The furious beast leaped forward, and I rolled out into the ditch from the sudden jerk. I heard my comrades try to stop him, but he was off like the wind, and three Turks ran past me, in close pursuit. I took to my heels after them all. There was nothing else to do.

"I was saluted with the sound of clashing steel as I ran into the sailors' camp, and the camel emitting unearthly screams. There were torches set up in the clearing about which the tents were staked out, and a great fire burned up at one side. There was plenty of light for what was going on.

"The abbe and Jacques stood at each wheel of the cart defending themselves against the onslaught of the three Turks.—One was the Austrian officer of whom the abbe had spoken; he was engaging my cousin with the sword, and Jacques derided and jeered him as they fought. The other two had their heels kept busy dodging the abbe's savage saber strokes. With his back against the cart-wheel stood the Grenadier, growling like



"ALLONS!" CRIED PINAUD, SLASHING AWAY—"ZOUAVES TO THE RESCUE!"

an old gray dog and swinging the heavy cavalry saber from side to side like a reaper mowing grain. As for the English sailors, there seemed to be no one in command but a small boy officer, who stood looking on with his hands thrust into his breeches pockets. They are fair fighters, the English, and had formed a circle around the cart and the combatants; except for some few who tried to secure that wizard of a camel. He was fighting too, bravely, that beast; with his teeth; and screaming defiance at the sailors and their ropes. All this I saw in an instant, and then threw myself into the ring and relieved the abbe of one of his assailants.

"Allons!" cried Pinaud, slashing away—"Zouaves to the rescue! *Bon Dieu*, we will go to war now!" Ah! you villain, would you? Artillery horse and line form squares *en echiquier*, convoy in the center! *C'est bien, partons—un, deux—un, deux!* I laughed to hear him. A ridiculous fellow, that Pinaud. The warship officer shouted with glee.

"My coming changed the face of the battle. The Turks fell back, reluctant to continue the engagement on equal terms, and the Austrian pasha cursed beautifully, out of reach of Jacques's rapier. So there we waited—Jacques and Pinaud at the wheels, the camel in front and I behind, at the cart tail; all ready and willing; and the geese, I saw with satisfaction, were safely reposing in the bottom of the cart—two great fat white ones.

"I warn you, monsieur," said Jacques to the Austrian, "if you attack again, I will kill you."

"And I," said the abbe to the soldier, "will separate your head from your unlovely body! All things have a beginning, a middle and an end; when I have finished you will have but two ends; so be advised. Come, *Scélérat!* charge again, I beseech you; I am getting cold."

"You abandoned thieves! my geese!—my geese!" cried the pasha. The sailors laughed at him. I could see their sympathies were with us, their Allies, and the abbe began to sing the War-Song of the Rhine. (That is why the band reminded me.)

"Look out, Bono!" said the little English officer (they called the Turks so, the Allies); "God help you if you run up against that sword again. That Chasseur will spit you."

"A learned Jew once said," remarked Pinaud—"God does not give his help in small difficulties. I doubt if he would give it to a Turk at all. You will be slaughtered out of bulletin, Monsieur Renegade from Austria. There are no swordsmen equal to my friends." He reached into the cart and held up one of the geese by the neck. "Swear by the beard of the Prophet, father of Bastille breakers, you came willingly," he cried. *Nom de Diable* how that Austrian raved, and the sailors laughed.

"Better give it up, pasha," said the little sailor officer again. "I will give up when they give up my geese that they stole!" cried the Austrian; "I will kill them otherwise. They and that other one."

"You are a liar!" said I; "with a stomach full of falsehoods. I am of the rescuing party!" It was impolite, but I was yet sore from my fall into the ditch.

"They ran off with them in the cart," cried the pasha, foaming with rage. "And that Zouave was driving."

"More lies," said Jacques; "twas not we but that devil of a camel who ran off. Drive him? You do not know that beast with the crooked legs!"

"Besides, if you kill me," remarked the abbe gravely, as if he had been weighing the matter in his mind, "you not only will have killed a Grenadier, which is difficult, but a great philoso-

pher and a churchman also, which is wicked. My faith! I will say a mass over the first killed. Listen, monsieur of the pipe: It was foretold to me by one who cast my horoscope that I should not die without first slaughtering a Turk and dining upon roast goose afterward. Approach, I beg of you, that I may be reconciled to fate!"

"The pasha thrust his hand into the breast of his frock, and the little officer took a step toward him. 'Be careful there, you fellows!' he cried out.

"'Once more,' said the pasha, 'will you give up my geese?'

"'Cats catch rats and rats bite cats. A goose once took shelter with gods,' mocked the abbe. He had hardly spoken when the Englishman called out quickly and the cowardly renegade fired at my cousin. The ball whistled by me, going wide, and struck the camel in the hindquarters. With a wail of agony, the poor brute fled, dragging the cart and geese with him. At the same instant the Austrian and the Turks precipitated themselves upon us."

The old swordsman fell silent so long, gazing out of the window, that I finally asked:

"How did it come out, Perikop?"

"My cousin Jacques was a very good swordsman, very good. A master of the White Arm. Next to me, in the whole French Army. We had many opportunities to try in those days. The abbe, too, could use the saber, old as he was. It was but *click! glissade—longe!*—Ah! as Jacques would say. That is, for two of us; for the abbe simply knocked his antagonist's sword high into the air and the Turk fled. I myself scorned to destroy one with so foolish an arm as that Turk of mine had; so I simply disarmed him, after a pass or two, and he followed his comrade. With Jacques and the Austrian it was different—for the pasha carried a good weapon—but so quickly done! So quickly that the little English officer, running in, was too late. Maybe he did not run too rapidly. He was a brave boy, that fair-haired officer, and called foul when the pasha shot. Even before I turned around to see, I heard that rattlesnake glissade and appel my cousin always used: Tap, tap! with the foot, and a queer little gr-r-rate! slip-slip-slip-se-e-up! of steel on steel, and I knew that renegade Austrian was looking right down into the jaws of death. Slip-slip! so quickly—('twas to make his head swim, you see), and then—well! then, just a little soft sob and it was all over! Jacques—who was always nice in his ways, like a woman, almost—wiped the blood from his rapier with the Austrian's cap, which he picked up and doubled over, so; drawing the blade through the folds. It was beautifully done, I assure you. It was the top one of those rapiers crossed on the wall that Jacques killed the Austrian with. The one with the wire grip and brass handle, and the runnel-flats on the forte."

"So you lost the geese, Perikop?" I asked, as the old man paused again.

"The geese were cooked and eaten that night—rather, that morning. It was so: When the pasha fell, the little Englishman rattled out an order to his men, and whispered to us to go away—not like that, but: 'Run, you beggaires, run! I'll have the men put him down the road. It was done fair and square. Shek-and!' Yes, yes! that is what he said, that little boy: 'Run, you beggaires, run! It was done fair!'"

"And you took that good advice?" I asked.

"We did. Though we feared nothing much. The Turks were not loved in the Crimea, and their officers from the Empire less. It was a long way to the French camp, but we went hurriedly, sorrowfully. No! not for the Austrian. I had forgotten him. For the geese, that cost us so much labor. We were sad,

for who could tell where the fruits of our industry had gone? The brandy, too, that Jacques had left with his blanket in the cart. There was but one road, and we followed it, hoping to get some trace of the four-footed deserter—but no! there was no sign of him; and we approached the camp, the deafening guns and the glare of the firing, cast down, grieved to the heart. Even the old abbe, old Pinaud whom nothing could move, was silent. His philosophy, with the camel, had departed—and he was filled with wisdom, that Grenadier! And morning but a few hours away.

"As we entered the camp and approached the quarters of the artillery, in vain hope that the beast might have returned, we had to pass my tent. In front was a strange and shapeless object in the darkness. Our hearts beat furiously. A voice called out:

"'Monsieur Perikop—Monsieur Bernard! I have captured your camel! There are two gee—'

"'Silence!' hissed Jacques. 'Where found you them, Philippe?' It was long-legged Philippe, the drummer of the Red Ones, who sat within the cart.

"'I saw you go,' said Philippe. 'I was down the road seeking wood, and met Monsieur of the Desert returning alone, much pressed for time. There is a bottle, too! The assault is ordered for daybreak!'

"Jacques threw his arms around the scraggy neck of the camel and embraced him ardently, and the camel bit him. He also kicked Pinaud, who would likewise have embraced him; but because of his many virtues we forgave him his shortcomings. A brave beast! though headstrong. We bound up, against his will, his wound, which was trifling, and sent him home shivering to the artillery by Philippe.

"We feasted that night—Philippe (to whom we owed everything), Jacques, the abbe and I. Next morning, when the sun of Asia reddened the horizon, the assault came and Sebastopol fell. It was cold that morning, I can tell you! Afterward Philippe, full of goose, helped the drummers chant a *Missu Solennis* for the souls of the slaughtered—who were many as the locusts of Algeria—and we three listened; though the Zouaves were first into the Malakoff and the ditch was full of their dead. The English lost heavily at the Redan, too. In the evening I saw their wounded going down to the boats. Among them, on a stretcher, was the little sailor officer, with his arm shot off. He recognized me, and called out faintly, with his brave white face: 'Hello, old Swordblade! Why didn't you send me a piece of that goose, you beggaire!'

"Ah! I was always sorry for that. I bent over and kissed him—'I wouldn't, but I *can't* shek-and now,' he sobbed—and the sailors who carried the stretcher turned round their heads to say God-dams and cough. I went with him to the boats to say farewell, forever. In those days it was the fate of soldiers."

The wine was finished with the story, so I went away. At the head of the stairs I thought the old swordsman called me and I went back to the door. He was sitting by the window still, talking to himself, as the dying rays of the sun slanted in across his gaunt old form.

"The War-Song—Yes, yes! old Pinaud, the abbe, sang it—at the wheel! And of the sword? The Song of the Sword?—that was my cousin's song:

"'A sword for honor
A sword for love—
A sword for the cure of all things above!'"

A WONDER OF THE WAR

NO ASPECT of our war with Spain is stranger to the American people than the sudden removing of tens of thousands of our regular and volunteer soldiers to foreign lands. Some are preparing to go to Cuba, others to Porto Rico, and, stranger than all, thousands are to be hurried to the Philippine Islands, almost half-way round the world from our national capital and seven or eight thousand miles westward of San Francisco.

Probably no one will be more amazed, and more permanently so, at this unexpected condition of affairs than the soldier himself. Our regulars are a matter-of-fact lot of fellows, who take duty as it comes and goes and never allow themselves to be astonished, but to be transported at short notice in the cool northern springtime from the North Atlantic coast, the Great Lakes, from wind-swept prairies and passes, the dry air of the West and the mountains to the extreme tip of Florida, with its languid, murky breezes, would of itself be change enough to compel attention to the size of the country. To send them to Cuba, whether the skies be clear or overflowing with warm rain, is to fill them with wonderment. To men accustomed to the neat villages of the United States, to roads that are at least distinct in outline, to forests that at worst are passable, and to farms that do not go entirely untitled, Cuba in its desolation, which the vegetable luxuriance of the tropics cannot hide, must be a series of wonders.

But the Philippines—imagination staggers at the prospect of following the volunteers in their journey toward the furthest

East by way of the furthest West, a sea voyage more than twice as great as the width of the Atlantic, and to be taken by thousands of men, not one in twenty of whom ever saw the sea and thousands of whom never saw a larger craft than a skiff or a canoe! During the Civil War a well-planned attack was for a few moments in danger of coming to naught because the charging division, composed of men from interior States, suddenly saw before them the Atlantic and a few ocean steamers. They were good soldiers, but no quantity of military discipline can divest a man of ordinary curiosity. So, imagine the dazed condition of volunteers from the eastern portion of the far West—or, indeed, from any part of the country—being put ashore on the Philippines, where climate, vegetation, houses, and people are so entirely different from anything the average American has ever seen:—where the cattle are only as big as goats and the horse is almost a curiosity! Americans think they know human nature, for have they not among them the representatives of all the nations of Europe, some of Asia, most parts of Africa, to say nothing of the American Indian and the American tramp? But the Philippine natives are unlike any of these in manners and habits.

American armies have thus far been the world's most fertile sources of war-stories; the Civil War added about five thousand titles to the nation's list of books of home origin, but when the American soldier begins to embody in literature his recollections of foreign experiences incident to the present war all war-story records will be broken and the wonder will not cease while the veterans remain alive.

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THE BABY OF THE U. S. NAVY

WHEN the call to arms for service in Cuban waters rang throughout our navy, it was the Lighthouse Establishment which felt most quickly and keenly the depletion of its force. Only naval officers of high standing are detailed to the lighthouse service, and it is this class which was needed at the front. Among the prominent men who have been taken from this branch of the service to take command of vessels during the present war are Commodore Schley, Chairman of the Lighthouse Board, now commander-in-chief of the Flying Squadron; Captain Robley D. Evans ("fighting Bob") of the battleship "Iowa," Commander Theodore F. Jewell of the "Minneapolis," Commander Wm. M. Folger of the "New Orleans," and Commander George F. F. Wilde of the ram "Katahdin."

Not only has the Lighthouse Establishment given up this array of officers, but she has furnished as auxiliary boats to the navy her four largest, best, and newest tenders; which may prove of great benefit to the country if they all equal in gallantry the little "Mangrove," which, on April 26, captured one of the finest prizes of the war. A vigilant watch had been maintained to intercept the big transatlantic liner "Panama," an auxiliary cruiser of the Spanish fleet, known to be on her way from New York to Havana with a cargo of provisions. Lieutenant-commander Wm. H. Everett of the lighthouse tender "Mangrove" was cruising along the coast, about twenty miles from Havana, when he sighted the "Panama," and, realizing the importance of his opportunity, ordered chase, although the Spanish ship was four times the size of his own vessel. Three shots were fired from the "Mangrove's" twelve-pounder without any response from the enemy's guns, but when Com-

mander Everett threatened to sink her if she did not surrender, the Spanish vessel sullenly "came to" and allowed "the baby of the American navy" to lead her triumphantly into Key West harbor. A shout went up from the battleship "Indiana," which, three miles away, had witnessed the capture, and drew near the "Mangrove," like a mother, to protect her venturesome child, but not soon enough to detract from the honor of the capture.

Commander Everett is a native of New York State. He graduated from the Annapolis Academy in 1868, and was assigned to his first duty with the South Atlantic Squadron. His little vessel is new, having been constructed by the Bath Iron Works in 1897. She measures one hundred and fifty-five feet in length by thirty feet beam, her engines are of the simple expansion type, twin screws, and her speed is only eight or ten knots an hour. She has two main boilers, whose maximum pressure is one hundred pounds, and she carries a vapor launch and a dingy, in addition to two boats, each twenty-five feet long. She has a sister vessel, the "Mayflower," equipped like herself in every particular, built last year, which has also been temporarily transferred to the navy.

The "Maple" and "Armeria" are the names of the other two lighthouse tenders at present under the command of naval officers. The former measures one hundred and fifty-five feet in length by thirty feet beam, and is similar in construction to the twins already described. The "Armeria" is the largest vessel belonging to the Lighthouse Establishment. Her length is two hundred and three feet by thirty-four feet beam. She has twin screws, and can travel at the rate of twelve knots an hour. She is designed with an inside keel to lessen her draught and to strengthen her throughout. Her engines are of the compound type, independent of each other, and of one thousand two hundred and eighty horse-power; her boilers are Scotch cylindrical, and designed for a high pressure. She was completed in 1890. These four tenders were intended to serve as supply-boats to Admiral Sampson's fleet, but the "Mangrove" seems to have interpreted the duty to mean conveying the enemy's supplies to our squadron. Naval experts, viewing the tenders at Norfolk, predicted that they would prove very efficient, owing to their stanch build and their capacity for carrying heavier guns than even the revenue cutters.

The Lighthouse Establishment has in reserve a force of twenty-six more vessels, of various sizes, which can be called into action in case of extremity. They are used in maintaining the buoyage along our coasts, on the Great Lakes and the large Western rivers, exchanging old buoys for new ones, recovering those which have gone adrift and replacing them in position, carrying provisions, fuel and other supplies to the light keepers, and in conveying building materials to the sites for new lighthouses. The inspectors also use them in visiting the various light stations. Most of them bear the names of flowers, such as "Daisy," "Columbine," "Azalea," "Waterlily," etc.

DRILL IN THE NAVY

UNDER the stimulus and excitement of the war fever scores of patriotic men start to enlist in the navy with only a vague conception of what will be required of them either in times of war or peace. Ordinarily, the enlisted man on a modern battleship or cruiser has a busy time of it, and in the event of hostilities his position would only be made more unpleasant by the dangers and uncertainties of the battles. Aside from the danger that may exist on a warship in times of peace through fires, the explosion of magazines, and other accidents, life on board is the reverse of play.

The drill and exercises of the sailors in the navy are exacting and continuous. At first it is all novelty to the newly enlisted men, but gradually it becomes irksome. The men soon think they know the drill thoroughly, and to them it appears useless to repeat the exercises day after day; to the officers it appears otherwise. They realize how essential it is to successful combat that every man be so thoroughly disciplined that he would mechanically take the place assigned to him. Many a sailor has lost his wits in naval engagements, but he has confessed afterward that he unwittingly did the right thing. The daily drill becomes second nature to him, and during moments of panic and confusion it is not strange that reflex action of the mind causes him to do and act just right.

Reasoning in this way, the department tries to make the sailors on a man-of-war as efficient as drill will make them, and the exercises prescribed are of such a nature that a man cannot be long in the service without becoming familiar with all the details of his duty. When a vessel is first placed in commission, the men are provided with "station billets," which tell each one his exact place at every exercise and drill. A book is kept by the first lieutenant, in which corresponding numbers, names and directions are kept, and if any man is in a wrong position it is quickly corrected. Of the several exercises, the "fire drill" is one of the first taught a new crew.

A big bell hanging forward suddenly rings out in sharp clear tones, announcing that a fire has been discovered somewhere on the vessel. The men are not supposed to know when the bell will ring, and they are taken unawares; but a glance at the "station billet" will tell them what to do. Each man must move quickly to his allotted position without waiting for orders. Some are detailed to work the pumps, and they are supposed to drop everything and take their positions there; others know their duty is to unree the hose; and a few, called "smotherers," unleash their hammocks and follow the executive officer. Sometimes at his command they take the blankets instead of hammocks. Both of these when moistened with water make excellent fire extinguishers when thrown over the blaze.

All through the ship men are moving quickly but quietly to their allotted tasks. The gunners stand by their posts ready to flood the magazine and shell-room should the fire approach too near. Hatches are battened down to exclude draughts, and the fire, supposed

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or real, is localized as much as possible. More than this, preparations are made immediately to abandon ship should the fire prove unmanageable. While the greater part of the crew are fighting the fire, a few men from the crew of each boat gather provisions and water for the life-boats. These are piled up on the deck, but the men do not enter the boats unless the order is given. A marine with a fixed bayonet stands guarding each cutter, and in a case of actual fire on board it is his duty to prevent any of the crew entering the boat.

As fire at sea is one of the worst accidents that could happen, even to a vessel built almost entirely of iron and steel, the fire drill is made particularly severe and exacting. The bell may be rung at any time in the middle of the night. So often are the sailors sent to their quarters to fight fire that they would attach little importance to an actual fire. In fact, they never know when it is a real fire or a false alarm. Fires have occurred on our men-of-war below decks,

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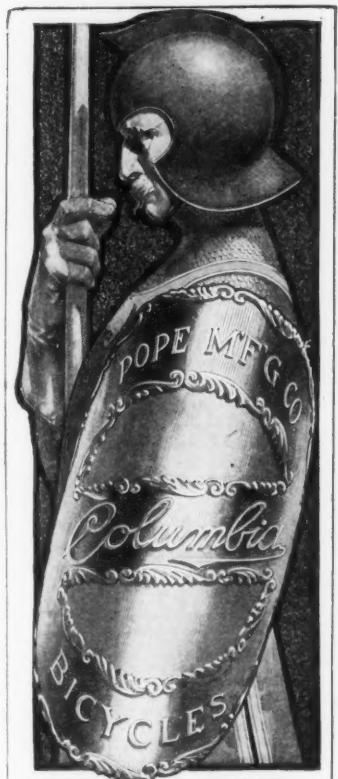
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and the majority of the crew did not know of it until it had been extinguished. Not until the order to "abandon ship" is given are the sailors allowed to enter the boats swinging from their davits. Sometimes the sailors are ordered to enter the boats and test the tackle. If the sentry on guard permits them to pass, he receives punishment for breaking his orders.

"Abandon ship" is the order that nearly always follows in due time the ringing of the fire-bell. This order comes in the shape of a lively air played by the bugler, which, in the face of extreme danger, seems very appropriate. Every sailor then leaves his post, and takes up another position which has been assigned to him. Some lower the boats, and others form a line to pass water and provisions over the side of the ship. When all is ready the officers spring into the stern of the cutters, and give orders to "shove off." All this is done quickly and without friction. The sailors would undoubtedly act the same in case of actual fire; in fact, many illustrations could be cited to confirm this view.

But the most important drill, probably, is that to prepare for action. How the sailors would act in real battle may be an unknown quantity; but in the mimic battles they do their duty to perfection. It would not be for lack of discipline that they might fail to do the right thing at the right moment. The call to "Clear ship for action!" has a warlike ring about it that thrills the sailors even in mimic battles. There is much to do to get ready for an engagement with an enemy. Everything loose about decks is bundled below, the light yards aloft are taken down, and the headbooms rigged so as not to interfere with action. Extra lashings are put on the yards to keep them from blowing out. Grapples are gotten ready over the stern to clear the propeller should it become fouled by floating debris. Sand is sprinkled on the floor around the guns to prevent it from getting slippery with blood. The boats swinging in the davits are covered with sail-cloth to prevent splinters from flying should they be hit by the enemy's shot. Below decks the surgeon and gunners prepare for their grim work.

Suddenly the drums beat to quarters. Once more the men change their positions. The executive officer has charge of the ship then, and he gives his orders from the bridge. Here he is in direct communication with the engineer and the gunners. First the big guns in front are fired, then those at the side and stern. As the supposed enemy approaches the engagement becomes more general, and the orders are given in rapid succession to "Man the star-board battery!" "Man the port battery!" and finally to "Man all the guns." The ship is in full action now. The heavy guns pour forth their tons of shot from all sides, while the rapid-fire guns are incessantly rattling out their quick, sharp reports. It is a severe test to one's nerves to retain his reason on board a man-of-war when all of the guns are shooting at an imaginary enemy. It is not necessary to see an enemy to imagine war. There is a war of noise and thunder that could hardly be intensified if the enemy's shots were crashing through the sides of

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the ship. There may be the consciousness of no real danger in the minds of the men, but the strain is a severe one, and extremely full of suggestions.

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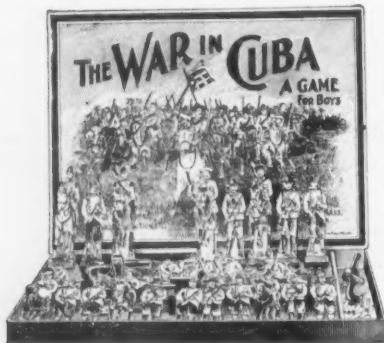
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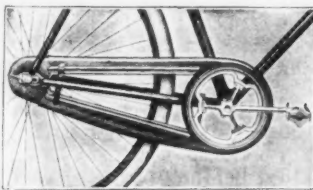
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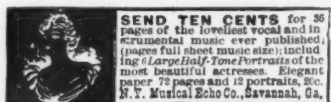
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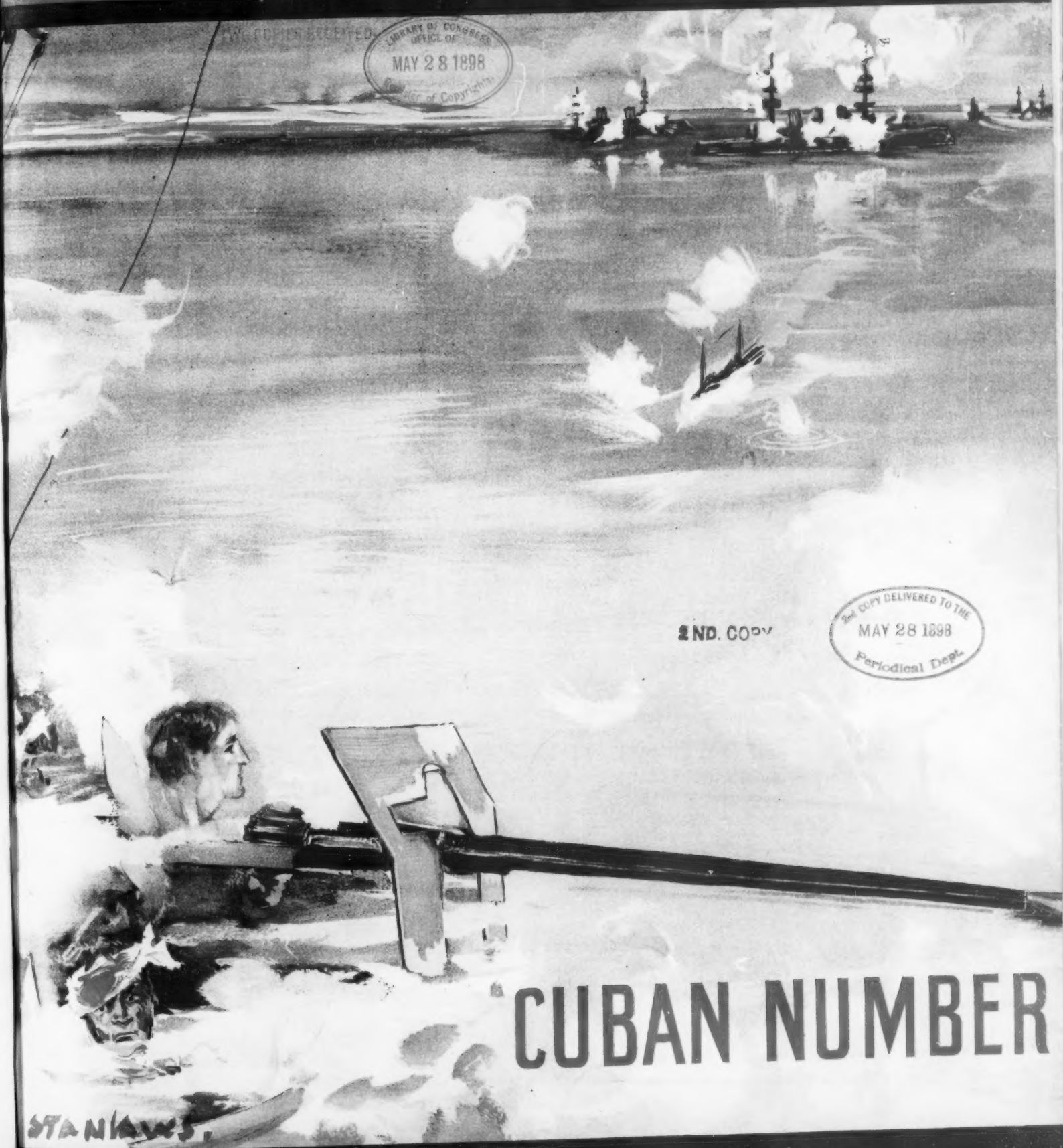
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